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LOST AND FOUND ON RAILWAYS.

THE Board of Trade tells us that there are now somewhere about twelve thousand miles of railway open for traffic in the United Kingdom; that two hundred million journeys are made, or seven journeys in a year for every man, woman, boy, and girl (not forgetting the babies) among us; that the trains which carry these passengers run sixty million miles; that the goods' trains carry a hundred million tons of merchandise and minerals annually, and eight million sheep, and four million quadrupeds of other kinds; that there are needed, for carrying all these live and dead treasures, between six and seven thousand locomotives and tenders, five-and-twenty thousand passenger-carriages, and something near a quarter of a million wagons and trucks of various kinds! Almost every railway passenger takes *something* with him into the train which may easily be lost, even if it be only his walking-stick; while elderly ladies, whether of the Mrs Grundy or the Mrs Gamp class, are often imbedded in an amazing assemblage of bags, boxes, baskets, bundles, bird-cages, and umbrellas. As such ladies never *can* find their railway-tickets when the collector applies for them, they become flurried, and are in a fair way for leaving something or other behind them. Many odds and ends may thus be left in the carriages; some on the arrival-platform; some in the booking-office or the refreshment-room; and some in the cloak-room, where they are 'left till called for,' and then somehow neglected. Then, again, there are those articles of passengers' luggage which are placed in the luggage-van or on the roof, and which occasionally come to grief. Then the parcels' vans, with which the passengers have nothing to do, contain a varied assemblage of light goods, which occasionally fail to meet with their proper owners. And there are the heavier articles which go by goods' train, and which are not altogether exempt from these troublesome vicissitudes.

If we inquire into the daily routine pursued by the companies, we shall see how much trouble they take that the passenger and his luggage shall not be unduly parted; or, if so, that they shall be brought safely together again. Whenever a passenger-train arrives at the end of its journey (generally at a terminal, or principal station), a porter from the Lost-luggage Office enters every carriage, and looks on and under every seat, and into all the nooks and corners, to search for

anything that may have been inadvertently left there by the passengers. If any articles are found, he takes them at once to a superintendent, who records in a book a description of each article—stating on what day, by what train, and in what carriage it arrived, and by whom found. If it is an article bearing a legible address, it is kept for a day or two, and if no applications are made for it during that period, it is forwarded to the proper address by rail or other conveyance. If, as is much more frequently the case, the article bears no address on the outside, it is kept for a month; and if no clue is obtained during this period, it is opened. It may be that some intimation of the owner is contained within; if so, a letter is sent to him, stating the facts of the case. When, however, a whole month has passed, and no news can be obtained of the proper ownership, the article is consigned to a repository, or 'refuge for the destitute,' where it takes its place among the strange medley of odds and ends. Even now the company have a thought for the bereaved owner; they give him an opportunity of coming forward and presenting his claim. They are not niggardly desirous of appropriating the carpet-bag that Benjamin Blunder may have left in the train; or the parasol which thoughtless Miss Miffins has omitted to take care of. They keep the lost or left luggage at least a year, some companies two years; and then, lest the articles should actually fall to pieces, or become offensively musty through long keeping, they are sold by auction—a whole year's accumulation, perhaps, being sold at one time. Different companies adopt different plans in appropriating the money; but it is generally applied to some kind of sick-fund or friendly society among the humbler class of the company's servants. At first the railway servants themselves were accustomed to purchase at these auctions; but it was afterwards seen that it would be better to remove from them this kind of temptation to be interested in other people's property.

Sometimes, instead of the lost luggage crying out for an owner, the owner cries out for the lost luggage. If a passenger sends on his portmanteau or carpet-bag by another train; or if it be sent by train without reference to his travelling at all; or if it be neglected in changing from one train to another at a junction station; or if it fall off the roof of a carriage through insufficient strapping; or if it be mislaid in the luggage-van; or if the owner alights at an intermediate

station and forgets his luggage; in short, if any one of a score of mishaps occurs, whereby the owner and his luggage become unwillingly parted—then he writes, we will say, to the secretary of the company, stating the nature and the circumstances of his loss, and entreating, or perhaps demanding restitution. He little thinks what trouble the companies often take in such a matter. There is a 'Luggage Inquiry Book,' or something of the kind, kept at the lost-luggage office of the chief station; this is consulted, to see whether the missing article has been brought to the office from any of the stations on the line. On the long lines, there are two or more lost-luggage offices, and inquiry is made at each of these in the first instance. If no success attends the search, the clerks write, or send printed blank-forms filled up, to every station on the line, or every station where there is the least probability of the article being found. The companies do not finally give up the search until all these endeavours are made; if the article is found, they send it to the owner; if not, they write to tell him that it is not on their line or premises. The railway companies have doubtless faults enough to answer for; and the all-powerful 'Editor of the Times' is often appealed to as a redresser of grievances; but if the public knew how much trouble is given by the heedlessness and stupidity of certain passengers, they would see that there is something to be thankful for to the companies after all.

Sir Francis Head, several years ago, when the railway system was comparatively in its infancy, wrote a graphic article in the *Quarterly Review*, descriptive of the Euston Square Company's operations generally. Among other matters, he noticed the 'Lost-luggage Office,' as it was in those days; or, as he called it, the 'Foundling Office,' where lost luggage (or *found* luggage, more correctly speaking) was deposited until the proper owner claimed it. He described the vaulted chamber, in which lost luggage was deposited for two years before being sold by auction: 'It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is in the compartments, like great wine-bins, in which all this lost property is arranged. One is choke-full of men's hats; another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills; important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained—we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan plaids, and red scarfs, piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages, who wear red cloaks, &c., must, in some mysterious way or other, be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends; in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston Station; for how else, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us? Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave, there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmanteaus, writing-desks, books, Bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement, which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden, not only in 'a bustle' behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions. One gentleman left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another, his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22d Regiment had left his

knapsack, containing his kit! another soldier of the 10th—poor fellow!—had left his scarlet regimental-coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the ecstasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful Jeanie, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes! Some little time ago, the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, sixty-five pounds in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner. This owner, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at a hotel in Birmingham, that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway-office.'

All that Sir Francis Head saw and said is still to be seen and said, and very much more; for railway-passengers have vastly increased in number, without being any more free than before from the besetting sin of heedlessness. All the great railway companies hold their annual auctions of this lost or found, or neglected property, at the termination, probably, of the two years' chance which they give to the owners. A medley indeed is that which is presented at these sales! In addition to all the sources of lapse which have already been noticed, there may be others. A bulky article of small value, on which the carriage-fee is heavy, may be *purposely* ignored by the consignee; or he may be dead, or get into trouble; or he may have been beaten in a wrangle with the company about the charge, and have forfeited the article—in short, there is no end to the peccadilloes and little troubles that may bring luggage and merchandise into this position; and thus the variety of articles is very great indeed.

We have lately attended one of these railway lost-luggage auctions, or 'clearance sales,' at the goods' station of one of the great companies; and we will ask the reader to look at the picture which we will endeavour to paint for him. In the first place, the intending buyers, who are making a preliminary examination of the property, are unmistakably among the humbler dealers of London—that is, dealers who live and deal, buy and sell, in the dusky regions of the metropolis. The Hebrew features are visible on many around us, as is usually the case at such places; but Hebrew or Christian, a wide-awake alertness marks them all. If, on the one hand, they are desirous of giving no more than it is worth for any article which they purchase; so, on the other, they are anxious that no good bargain should escape them, no lucky chance be lost through a want of careful examination, no treasure allowed to fall too cheaply into the hands of others. They all know the 'state of the market' with wonderful accuracy—that is, they know where and to whom they can sell any of the miscellaneous property they may acquire; and they can correctly estimate the price obtainable for each kind at any particular time. If the word *scavenger* had not come to have an unpleasant sound and meaning, we might almost apply it to these gentry. They furnish practical and daily proofs that there is nothing really useless in this world of ours; that everything is of value if we only know how to apply or adapt it; and they really are valuable members of society in their small way. We speak now of the purchasers of the odds and ends that are presented at the sales, the medley of things which can with difficulty be grouped or classified; of course, the more valuable articles would find purchasers under any circumstances. There is no 'reserve' here; the things are put up for absolute sale; and the bidders therefore know that each lot will really be 'knocked down' to him (or her) who will bid the highest. Whether two or more of them cunningly agree that they will not

compete with each other, and that they will afterwards share the lots which may possibly thus be obtained at a cheaper price—is known only to themselves; but the auctioneer is a sharp man at his trade, and has his own decisive way of frustrating this plan if it be carried too far.

What a medley it is! Here are 'two coats,' and here 'two coats,' and here 'two coats,' and so on through several lots in the catalogues. And here a piece of string binds together 'five youths' coats and one jacket.' One liberal lot comprises 'twelve coats;' another, 'nine coats and four jackets;' another, 'fourteen pairs trousers;' and another, 'twenty vests.' There is no reason to believe that these groupings are such as were actually left or lost by the passengers; the lots are made up into saleable bundles, to suit different kinds of purchasers. To how many men the 'twenty vests' had belonged, and how the vests and the men became parted—are questions never likely to be answered. The lots of 'railway-wrappers,' 'scarf-shawls,' 'cloaks,' and 'waterproof capes,' are numerous—as the reader may anticipate. The underclothing is, in its way, nearly as abundant as the outer; for 'twelve shirts' form a lot which is repeated many times over; and some of the lots contain 'eighteen' or 'twenty' shirts. Then there are sixteen 'night-shirts,' 'five shirts and three pairs flannel drawers;' 'nine flannel shirts, six flannel jackets, two pairs drawers.' Into the mysteries of female attire we do not venture to penetrate; but ladies must decide for themselves how it is that railway companies are enabled, or perhaps driven, to make up such lots for sale as 'ten skirts, twelve bodies, and nine petticoats;' 'twelve aprons, one cloak, two petticoats, and four jackets;' 'forty-six aprons and four pairs stays;' 'seven chemises, seven night-gowns, three petticoats, and six flannel ditto.' Nor are little folks forgotten; for there is a large bundle designated 'a quantity of children's wearing apparel.' There are quantities of *household linen*, such as towels, breakfast-cloths, dinner-napkins, table-cloths, sheets, quilts, bed-ticks, and pillow-cases. There is a table full, or rather, several flat glass-cases full of *jewellery and trinkets*—among which, gold and silver watches, chains, keys, lockets, pencil-cases, gold pens, brooches, studs, rings, smelling-bottles, fruit-knives, pen-knives, eye-preservers, eye-glasses, spectacles, bracelets, ear-drops, opera-glasses, race-glasses, and purses, are plentiful. *Books* are treated in a very *unliterary* way; they are lumped together disrespectfully, as if 'Bradshaw' and Shakespeare were of equal value in the eyes of the world. Here are 'twelve books,' and 'twenty-eight books,' and 'twenty-nine school-books,' and 'a quantity of foreign books.' The only clearly-defined lot in this portion is 'fifty-four Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books.' The *umbrellas* are in amazing force, tied together in half-dozens, dozens, and even double-dozens, and comprising all kinds, from luxurious silk down to humble gingham. One lot would have set up a small shop at once—'seventy umbrellas, various;' especially if aided by 'sixty-five walking-sticks,' which form another lot. Of course, parasols and sun-shades are also here. Then we come to another mass of clothing, grouped in a way that none but 'Old Clo' would know how to manage; for what would an ordinary purchaser do with 'thirty hats,' 'nine neck-wrappers,' 'seventy-one falls, various' (a fall, we surmise, is a lady's veil), 'thirty-five lawn and cambric handkerchiefs,' 'thirteen boas and seven cuffs,' 'two hundred caps,' 'fifty-one straw-hats,' 'two hundred and sixty-four stockings and socks,' 'a hundred and six collars, five fronts, thirty neck-ties, and one cap,' or 'fourteen hundred gloves?' Nor could any but a shopkeeper, we should suppose, know how to dispose profitably of 'eighty-eight brushes, various,' or 'twenty-four elastic belts and

twenty-two combs,' or 'thirty-four cigar-cases and fifteen pouches,' or 'twenty-three razors, eleven cases, three strops, seven pairs scissors, forty-seven knives, ten spurs, rule, and pair nut-crackers.'

Many of the articles are obviously from the Goods' Department; they were not passengers' luggage left or lost at the stations; they had been in parcels' or goods' trains, and had lost their covers in many different ways. For instance, a chest of tea; a mahogany loo-table and easy-chair; a moderator-lamp, and a Dutch clock; five American folding-chairs; a hammock, bed, and bolster; two hampers of rags, a cask of twelve-inch spikes, two dozen goat-skins, twenty thousand drilled-eyed needles, a pocket of hops, a set of fire-irons, six bags of cattle-food, a quantity of camel-saddles, a cask of tar, sixteen bundles of hoops, a cask of putty—such things can surely have little to do with passenger-carriages.

If the reader should ask whether these heterogeneous lots went off cheaply or otherwise, we must candidly own our inability to say; for we do not know what is cheapness in such matters. It certainly seemed to us cheap for the coats to go off at five shillings each on an average; and we pondered on the probable handsome profit derivable from such purchases as twenty vests for nine shillings, eighteen shirts for twenty shillings, and fourteen pair of trousers for twenty-one shillings. It will be for womankind to say whether nine shillings was a fair price for the 'forty-six aprons and four pairs of stays,' or nineteen shillings for 'ten dresses and a morning-gown,' or fifteen shillings for 'ten skirts, twelve bodies, and nine petticoats.' Knowing something of books, however, we were rather struck with the fact that the 'fifty-four Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books' went off for the small sum of twelve shillings.

A LONG SLEEP.

MUSTAPHA AGA joined us at breakfast, on board our Dahabééh, or Nile-boat, which was moored to the western bank of the river at Thebes.

Mustapha is an important man at Thebes; English travellers passing there would hardly know how to do without him. He receives their letters sent from Cairo by the running-post; tells them all the gossip of the season; who is up the river, how long they will stay, what they propose doing; gives them information; and if they are in any difficulty on account of the insubordination of their boatmen, sees them righted. Woe betide the culprits brought before Mustapha!—he has the governor of Thebes at his beck; and the governor is noted for the muscular servants he possesses, who wield those instruments of punishment so dreaded by followers of the Prophet, *korbaj* by name, made from the tough hide of the hippopotamus. I have seen poor unfortunates limping about for days after a visit paid to the governor.

Mustapha is English consul at Thebes—without salary. You will find his name in the book. He is proud of the title, proud of the post; but he is a good Mussulman. We called at his house one evening just before sundown; he was not in, the slave said. So we waited, sitting down on a divan in the porch. He inhabits a comfortable dwelling, built of unburned brick, after the manner of Egyptian houses, tolerably roomy and well ordered. But the chief feature about it is the portico—a portico that would put to the blush and dwarf any similar structure in Europe, let us say. It is a colonnade, formed of some dozen lotus-topped pillars, set up there by King Rameses; and the house just nuzzles its porch between two of these stately columns, reminding one of a barnacle clinging on to a rock. Far above, on a colossal architrave, floats the British flag; and under its protection, Mustapha may buy or sell, or garner his harvests, without fear of unfriendly visits from the

pacha's toll-gatherers. Thus we sat in the doorway, at the top of a flight of steps, a giant column on either hand—looking across the river over the plain of Thebes, and watching the solemn sunset crimson temple and tower, flush into life the pictured pillars beside us, settle on the highest crag of the distant mountains, and then turn all to gray. It was in the last few days of the month of Ramadan, and groups of good Mussulmans, squatting around in the sand, were anxiously awaiting this hour, that they might break their fast. Not a figan of coffee or a chibouke must be touched before sundown—to say nothing of solid food—but the one was bubbling on the fire of sticks, and the other was in hand fully charged with tobacco ready to be lit.

In the midst of this, our friend galloped up, and leaping off his horse, received us with profuse courtesy; touching the breast and forehead to each, and finally shaking hands all round. 'We have come to tell of our arrival, and pay our compliments,' Mustapha was overcome with pleasure at the honour done him. Would we not have some coffee? How was it his slaves had not already supplied us? His house and all that was in it were our own. Presently, he began to tell us the current gossip, and to speak with animation of his diggings in the Abd-el-Goorneh Hill. His men had that day lighted on a fresh tomb, he said; they broke through the rock into it just as he was about to depart that afternoon, and he had thereupon given strict orders that no man should touch a pick or remove a stone till his arrival next morning. Would we like to accompany him, and see the untouched tomb and coffin *in situ*? Good; then so it should be. So it was arranged that Mustapha should breakfast with us before we started for the mountain. We were to send our little felucca across for him at seven.

We were not afraid of asking a friend to breakfast or dine, for fortune, who had used us scandalously in many other ways, had been favourable in providing us with a good cook. He was a Nubian, a wonderful man, who would supply you with a dinner fit for the Prophet, out of materials manifestly inadequate for the occasion. Thus, in our excursions far from village or town, we somehow never came to want; in strange places along the river, where of necessity there must have been great lack of raw material, course after course of mysterious dishes would come to table and pass away, till you were lost in wonder at the man's ingenuity.

This particular breakfast passed off, I believe, to the satisfaction of all concerned in it. There was the usual eastern difficulty with the knife and fork, but the Nubian's talent was duly appreciated. Afterwards, we gathered up our legs on the divans in our little cabin, and the inevitable coffee and chiboukes were brought in, our little black servant going round with pieces of hot charcoal to set light to the *latakia*.

The horses were waiting for us on the river-bank; we could see them through the little window-panes of our cabin; and a host of lightly-clothed donkey-boys and girls, antique-vendors, guides, and others, were sprawling about in the hot sand, lying in wait to pounce upon us when we should come out. This they did not fail to do, as one and another of us, after finishing his chibouke, stepped across the plank on to the shore. However, the sight of Mustapha and his pipe-bearer rather took them aback, especially as the latter carried in his hand a lithe switch, which, from their anxious glances, they seemed to respect mightily. It was a glorious morning. The purple mountain towering up from the level country, five miles away from the river in the west, at whose foot Mustapha was quarrying, shone out in the early sunshine in all its gorgeous colouring, apparently in that clear air not a rifle-shot distant; while the templed palaces of Medinet Haboo, to the left, were yet half slumbering in shade.

A gallop across the plain of Thebes in the brisk morning air is a pleasant proceeding. The horses were fresh; but the first furlong or two led over a strip of deep sand, that buried each footstep. Here we became a prey to the antique-sellers, who hung about us with their false wares, jabbering a strange mixture of English and Arabic; we shook them off immediately on touching the hard soil. And so we were away, following-my-leader in and out among the plantations of cotton and tobacco, where an Arab peasant or two stopped their song to stare at us passing by, or a mother lying in the shadow looked up from toying with her child; past a palm-grove sheltering a little white village, hardly yet astir, on through the cornfields, to the edge of the funeral lake, down whose deep bank we footed it carefully, and the water being low, forded the horses across, scaring the wild water-birds from their bed. On again, skirting for a little the further shore, where the oxen-turned *sabias* were droning their weary round, and sending their little rivers in among the corn. On, to where Memnon and his companion are seated in their long, long watch, for ever gazing toward the rising sun, peering afar into the east for something yet on its way; past a little roadside well, where our Arabs stayed to fill the leathern water-bottles slung to the saddle-bow. On still—where great Rameses' statue has been rent asunder, and struck down prostrate as if by magic; where the sunshine was lighting up the sculptured walls of his palace, and slanted through its columned corridors, just as when the Pharaoh's own footsteps trod its marbled pavement.

Now for a final scamper of about a mile, where the desert closes with the green shore, and we are at the foot of the mountain; here it is necessary, after crossing a few paces of sand, to dismount and climb.

The hill Abd-el-Goorneh, a kind of stepping-stone to the great mountain, in common with the whole Libyan range in this neighbourhood, is of limestone formation—craggy, precipitous, and utterly barren of vegetable life, but picturesque and stately in the extreme. The ascent of the hill and part of the lower strata of the mountain are honeycombed with tombs, long since despoiled and rifled of their dead; some open to the sunshine, which floods in upon their painted walls; others, deep in the bowels of the rock, hidden amid intricate passages, corridors, and halls, capacious enough, when once reached, but accessible only by the visitors burrowing through apertures and long passages, hardly bigger sometimes than a drain, and not by any means so straight.

Though the dead have been torn from their dwellings, and the tombs left desolate, yet some of these latter still exhibit on their walls a sumptuousness of painting and imagery that is quite marvellous to contemplate. The artist has portrayed, in unfading colours, an epitome of the owner's life and career on earth—his farming, his merchandise, his amusements; the houses he built, and the entertainments he gave; his death and passage across the funeral lake; and his final appearance before Osiris, the judge of all. Now his soul is weighed in the balances, in the presence of the dread assessors—now, having passed the ordeal, he enters through the gates of Amenti into the blissful abodes, where Netpe receives him, and gives him to eat of the fruit of the sacred sycamore, which grows in her ever-blooming gardens, and where Isis clothes him in eternal youth.

Besides the myriad tombs of all conditions and sizes, ranged over the hillside, which have been ransacked, the mountain holds in its embrace probably thousands more still intact, so cunningly closed up and hidden in the first instance, and so covered since by the débris of ages, as to have defied the spoiler's ingenuity. It was in search of these that our friend Mustapha and his excavators were occupied; and not only they, but others, with or without licence,

were quarrying about over the face of Abd-el-Goorneh, doing incalculable damage in their search for fresh grottoes and mummies. It will be remembered that Mr Marriet, the French antiquary in the employ of the pacha, hit upon a treasure here, a few years back, in the person of an Egyptian queen, swathed and mummied, whose jewellery and the gold ornaments enshrouded with her were, by permission, shewn in our last Great Exhibition, and attracted universal wonder by their beauty and costliness.

Leaving our horses in charge of the Arabs, we addressed ourselves to climb this friable limestone hill. It was an uneven pathway, at times sloping upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, again leading on to a broad platform almost level, where the rock was covered with débris mixed up with fragments of mummies, legs, arms, skulls—decapitated bodies sometimes—and in such profusion, that it was difficult to avoid stumbling over the ghastly things. The Arab vampires, in their search for ornaments, had not even troubled themselves to unroll the mummies, but had torn them in haste limb from limb, so that they lay everywhere with their linen bandages half unrolled, and dangling about to catch your feet. Furthermore, the whole rock-side abounded in pit-falls, so that it was really difficult to avoid coming to grief in one way or other.

The grotesque position into which some of these armless trunks and skulls had got placed, and the hideous profusion of them, led me to remark to one of the dusky resurrectionists, that I wondered a phalanx of ghosts or djinns did not drop upon him, and drag him before Eblis himself. The dragoman, interpreting his reply, told me, 'Him say, Arab make mummy into fire—boil him pot; dis old people, sare, make very good fire-blaze;' and, suiting the action to the word, he laid hold of the bituminous leg of some poor unfortunate, and tearing off the pitched mummy-cloth still adhering in dozens of thicknesses, assured me that nothing was equal to it for making a good flame.

On passing up the craggy and uneven sides of this hill, we would occasionally find a short-cut through the exposed corridor of some tomb, the paintings on whose walls were still fresh and brilliant, although wide open to the glare of day. I may instance one out of many an episode of fashionable life, very graphically told. The artist has portrayed an entertainment given by the owner of the tomb to a party of friends; he sits lovingly beside his wife in a chair on a sort of dais, having received the guests in turn. These latter are seated in rows before the host and hostess, men and women apart, sniffing at their lotus nosegays, while slaves are handing round all manner of good things—wine and fruits, precious ointment to anoint the head, and garlands of flowers to hang about the necks of the ladies; there is also music and dancing going on; but one very late guest has just driven up to the door in his curricle; he reins in his horse with all the air of a modern dandy stopping suddenly to speak with a friend in Long-champs, let us say, or Hyde Park; his half-dozen running-footmen arrive panting, one raps at the door, while the others attend with his tablet, sandals, and stool; thus the great man waits to be ushered into the assembly. I am the more induced to mention this spirited representation of high life, as the wall on which the subject is painted is evidently being fast knocked away piecemeal, and will probably soon disappear altogether.

Finally, we arrived at a kind of broad landing, where a number of nearly naked Egyptians were sprawling about in the sun, awaiting Mustapha's arrival. The irregular surface of the rock here induced us to step carefully, the more so as quantities of loose stone were lying about, sometimes nicely balanced on the brink of the numerous holes which had been sunk in hopes of lighting upon a tomb; thus, a false footing

might land you at the bottom of a pit with anything but comfort to yourself; as it was, we could hear at each step fragment after fragment rumbling down to the bottom. The men pressed round Mustapha, talking and gesticulating as they led the way onwards, till we arrived at the edge of a deep hole, some twenty feet down perhaps, where, at the bottom, a passage led to our newly-found tomb.

Two or three Arabs let themselves down, and made a back for our friend, who followed, and then they disappeared from below. It was difficult to get near the pit's mouth by reason of the rocky débris thrown up round the edge, and which was continually sliding in. Presently, Mustapha's voice was heard notifying that there were two coffins down there in different niches. We dropped ourselves as carefully as possible, one Arab standing crossway in the hole, and one above, so as to hand us from one to the other. When at the bottom, each one lit his candle, and dived into a kind of horizontal passage, in which we were obliged to lie prostrate, and wriggle ourselves along, serpent fashion, holding forward the candle in one hand, and reserving the other to help in locomotion. Presently we emerged into a sort of rough-hewn cavern, some four paces square, whose low roof would hardly admit of our standing upright in it; here, shaking ourselves from the dust accumulated in the passage, we looked about, and perceived the entrance to two smaller chambers opening from the central one, each of them rough hewn, and without any touch of ornament. Crowding into one of these, we crept round a large painted coffin, standing in the midst. It was terribly hot with five or six people stuffed in that little cavern, each one with his candle, and just enough place, in a crouching attitude, to encircle the bier.

Not a soul had ever beheld it since the day of its burial, when a sorrowing wife or child, may be, had gazed her last, left the entrance securely closed, as we had seen, then turned away, and gone back to the outer world of everyday-life, in the busy streets of magnificent Thebes. Since then, how many long years had the sleeper passed in that solitary chamber, unheeded, silent, alone!

It was a painted mummy-case, pictured over with coloured hieroglyphics and figures. The lid had been carved at one end to represent the face of the occupant—the flaps of the head-dress being brought over the curl of the shoulders to lie on the breast—and at the other, raised in the form of feet; from the middle proceeded two wooden hands, crossed and grasping tightly the symbols of Eternal Life. All along the top had been placed wreaths of bay-leaves, strung on to a branch or two of the palm; a garland of amaranth was lying there also, and at the foot of the coffin stood a little painted box, containing half-a-dozen wooden figures of some deity. A fine, white, impalpable dust was thinly spread over everything—it had probably settled there before the tomb was finally closed up—every leaf on the lid was found to be perfect, though brittle, and they all crumbled away as we removed the wreaths; but the palm-rods were strong and hearty still.

Mustapha directed the Arabs to remove the two coffins—the other being similar to the one described—to the upper air. This they accomplished by tying ropes round them, dragging them through the passage, and so hauling them up to daylight, not, however, before they had wantonly knocked off the two carved hands, in order to facilitate the proceeding. One of the cases, by being swung against the sides of the pit, in its progress upwards, was so much damaged, that, on coming to the top, we opened it there and then. By the side of the swathed and mummied sleeper we found his walking-stick, an acanthus staff, some four feet long, knotty at one end, and worn smooth by the hand in his journeying through life; so they had buried it with him in death;

also, from the foot of the case we took out a pair of leathern sandals, soiled and rough with wear. He had set out on a long journey, and his friends had laid the familiar staff and shoes by his side.

On unrolling the body, we did not come upon any jewellery or ornaments among the interminable folds of the cloth, where they may generally be looked for. The sleeper was evidently an old man of the lower rank of life, an artisan, perhaps, whose friends, though not able to afford a sumptuous burial or sculptured tomb for his use, were yet rich enough to pay for the apothecary's embalment, to enclose the mummy carefully in a pictured coffin, to hew out for it a sure sepulchre in the rock, as we had seen, and lastly, to deck it with loving hands in wreaths and garlands, ere they looked a final farewell.

Vain hope, of rest through the ages, undisturbed, till the welcome call of Osiris should waken the sleeper to immortal life! We had broken into his solitude; half-a-dozen Arabs had dragged him up into daylight; they had torn off his shroud before a circle of gaping Western travellers, and scattered his bones over the rock, to become fuel for Arab watch-fires.

So we departed—Mustapha having first divided the spoils among us (the box of idols, mandals, and staff); but the coffin was to be used for a packing-case. We took also the palm-branches from off the latter, as a memento, thereby exciting the infinite contempt of the Arab who had to carry them, and who finally broke them about his donkey's back as we rode homeward across the plain.

THE DISPERSION OF SEEDS.

It must be obvious that the immense quantity of seed which plants generally produce could never germinate in their immediate neighbourhood, and, therefore, as the seed ripens, the pericarp or seed-vessel gradually assumes such an organisation as is calculated to effect its dispersion or removal to a more distant locality. The dissemination of seed is, therefore, the result of the peculiar organisation of the seed-vessel, rather than of the seed itself, which seed-vessel presents some of the most interesting and beautiful contrivances in nature.

Sometimes the pericarp (Greek *peri*, around, and *karpou*, fruit) opens elastically with a spring-like mechanism, and discharges the seed contained in its cavity to a considerable distance. The seeds of the castor-oil plant, of the common garden balsam, and of the common furze or whin bush of Europe, are separated from their pericarps in this manner. In *Hura crepitans*, a plant belonging to the natural order *Euphorbiaceæ*, or the Spurge family, which grows in the West Indies and in South America, the seeds are projected from the strong bony envelope of the pericarp as soon as it opens, which it does with immense force, and with a report as loud as a pistol. The bursting of seed-vessels in this manner is due entirely to mechanical causes, and attributable to the state of the tissues, which, possessing unequal power of imbibition and unequal elasticity, are torn apart. It is a case of what is called in common language 'warping,' and can scarcely be regarded as vital phenomena, being a definite mode of destruction of dead structures resulting from special structural conditions.

The pericarps of the thistle and dandelion, and other species of *Compositæ*, have attached to them a beautiful stellate down, contrivances which are evidently intended to catch the wind, and by means of which they are removed, when fully ripe, from off the surface of the receptacle of these plants, and wafted to a distance, to spots favourable to their germination. The pericarps to which these appendages are attached will sometimes travel for miles, until a shower of rain or a humid atmosphere causes the tuft to collapse, when the pericarp falls to the

ground. In some instances, as in the thistle, this down projects directly from the surface of the pericarp, like the feathers of a shuttlecock; in the dandelion and goatbeard, it is supported upon a stalk, which elevates it above that surface. In the last plant, each fine hair of the tuft is itself a feather, forming altogether one of the most elegant and perfect of objects. The cryptogamous or flowerless plants, as ferns and mosses, have a very extensive geographical diffusion. Their spores are so light and microscopic, that they rise in the atmosphere, and are conveyed over the ocean by currents of air. Hence many genera, and even species of moss and fern, are common to North America and Europe. In other species, the pericarps are furnished with hooked hairs, as in galium and burdock, by means of which they cling to the bodies of men and animals, and are thus scattered far and wide. It is impossible to traverse the woods or marshes in autumn without having such pericarps forced upon our attention. The achenia or horny indehiscent pericarps of *Bidens bipinnata*, or the Spanish needles, are especially troublesome. The achenia of this plant are surmounted with three or four persistent awns, which are downwardly barbed, and by means of which they very readily adhere to the dress of the traveller. How little are persons aware, when they brush off these troublesome intruders, in some distant locality to which they have unwillingly carried them, that they are fulfilling the grand and secret purposes of nature!

Occasionally, as in the *Asclepias*, or milkweed, and the *Epilobium*, or willow-herb, the seeds themselves are furnished with these coma or tufts of hairs, by means of which, on the opening of the pericarp, they are lifted by the wind out of its cavity, and carried away sometimes to a great distance from the parent plants.

Birds, too, are important agents in the diffusion of seeds. It is well known that the seeds of numerous berries and small fruits will grow, though they may have passed through the bodies of birds. Many of the omnivorous kinds—for instance, the thrushes—migrate from north or south in autumn at the time when berries and similar fruits are ripe, and they often void the seeds of these fruits little altered. It is in this way that *Phytolacca decandra*, or the common pokeweed, appears to have been dispersed over the whole of North America. The berries of this plant are eaten by the robin, the thrush, the wild pigeon, and many other birds, which thus carry them hundreds of miles from the plant which produced them. In this manner we can account for a fact which every practical botanist and observer of nature must have noticed—namely, the sudden appearance of a single plant in a place where its species was entirely unknown before.

The mistletoe bears a small white berry with an extremely viscid pulp. The birds fond of this fruit encumber their bills with this glutinous substance, and, to clean them, they rub them on the branches of the trees on which they may chance to alight, thus depositing the seeds in the very place where nature intended that they should grow.

The heavy seeds of the oak, walnut, and chestnut, too large for distribution by the feathered tribes, are buried by squirrels, which love to make their home upon them. One day, taking a walk in the woods, our attention was attracted to a squirrel which sat very composedly upon the ground. We stopped to observe his motions for a few minutes; almost immediately, he darted to the top of a noble oak; in an instant, he was down again with an acorn in his mouth; and after finding a soft spot, he quickly dug a small hole, and deposited his charge, the germ of a future oak, covered it up, and then darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner, and in this way he continued to labour as long as we thought proper

to watch him. The instinct of this little animal doubtless induced him to bury these acorns as a provision for his future wants; but such is his activity and untiring industry, that he buries more than he consumes, and the surplus rises as trees, to adorn and enrich the earth.

Some pericarps are conveyed by the rivers into which they fall, or by the waves of the ocean, many hundreds or thousands of miles away from the countries which originally produced them. In this manner, many of the native plants of France, Spain, and other adjacent countries have been naturalised in England; and the pericarps of tropical climates are conveyed to the coasts of Norway and Scotland. The foreign pericarps which are annually left on the Norway coast are principally cashew-nuts, bottle-gourds, cocoa-nuts, and the fruit of the dogwood-tree. These are often in so recent a state that they would unquestionably vegetate were the climate favourable to their growth and existence. When carried to countries better suited to their nature, they germinate, and colonise with a new race of vegetables the land on which the ocean has cast them. In this manner it is that the coral islands, as soon as they appear above the waves of the Pacific, are speedily covered with a crop of luxuriant vegetation. The cocoa-nut is well adapted for this purpose, as it grows luxuriantly in salt water, and it is probably the first arborescent species which vegetates on these newly-formed lands. Icebergs probably have some share in diffusing plants, since they are often found loaded with masses of earth containing seeds, which they occasionally cast upon strange shores. There is every reason to believe that this kind of influence was far more actively at work in the geological period immediately preceding the present.

Most of the seeds thus carried abroad never germinate at all, as they either fall into situations unfavourable to their growth or upon a soil which is already pre-occupied by other plants. All the plants of a given district may be regarded as at war with each other. The arborescent species prevent, by the extent of soil which they occupy, the vegetation of species of a humbler growth. Each has to struggle into existence against a host of competitors, for nature, although she has been prolific of the seeds of life, has limited the supply of room and food. A number of ferns, for example, which may be growing on a hillside, will, by their pre-occupation of the soil, successfully maintain their ground against all other intruders for ages, notwithstanding the facilities afforded to other plants for the dispersion of their seeds. If any chance seed should be borne to this spot by any of the agencies which we have enumerated, or by other causes, it cannot germinate among them, as they absorb all the food from the soil.

The seeds which have been thus unfavourably located retain their vitality for a longer or shorter period of time; such as have very thin and delicate integuments will lose their germinating power after a few weeks' exposure; so also oleaginous seeds will in general decay much sooner than such as contain albumen. Other seeds, on the contrary, will retain their vitality for an indefinite period of time; this is the case with plants belonging to the natural order *Leguminosæ*, or the Pea family, the seeds of which may be kept for years without any material detriment to their germinating power. Pease taken from the herbarium of Tournefort, where they had remained for more than one hundred years, were made to germinate in the botanical gardens of Paris.

Those changes by which the ovule is metamorphosed into the mature seed appear to be all made with a special reference to any mishaps which may befall it when thrown on the charity and care of nature by the parent plant, as well as to provide it with a store of nutriment on which it may subsist during the early stages of its development.

When the plant approaches the close of its allotted

period of life, it is surprising with what care provision has been made for the continuation of the species, as if nature had determined to secure it, if possible, an immortality of existence upon the earth's surface. Hence not only the beautiful contrivances to effect the removal of the seed to spots favourable for its germination, but also the immense quantity of seed which the dying plant produces. On a specimen of *Ricinus communis*, the Castor-oil Plant, which the writer cultivated in his garden in Philadelphia, he counted ten clusters of pericarps or seed-vessels; each cluster produced upwards of fifty pericarps, and each pericarp contained three seeds. The total number of seeds produced by the plant was therefore $10 \times 50 \times 3 = 1500$. Each of these seeds, be it remembered, contained within its folds an incipient repetition of the parent plant in the form of a young embryo. Supposing each seed to germinate, and the plants to arrive at maturity, the product of the next season would be $1500 \times 1500 = 2,250,000$ seeds. In other plants, the first crop of seeds is still greater. It has been calculated that the sunflower produces 4000, and a single thistle 24,000 seeds the first year; therefore, the second year's crop would amount to 16,000,000 of seeds in the former, and 576,000,000 of seeds in the latter instance. How immense the amount of vegetable life which may spring from a single seed! Happily for mankind, every vegetable embryo is not destined to give rise to a future progeny. Millions of seeds or vegetable embryos are annually called into existence, but a variety of causes destroy their incipient life. Many seeds are used as food by animals, and a great many more decay. Were it not for the operation of these causes, by which the species is kept within prescribed limits, such is the fecundity of nature that there can be no doubt that the seed from a single thistle or dandelion would, in the course of a few years, be sufficient to cover with plants not only every square inch of the superficies of our own world, but the entire surface of every other planet in the solar system!

But although nature has been thus careful to insure a repetition of their beautiful and evanescent forms, all plants multiply within prescribed limits which they cannot pass; fecundity is therefore no barrier to the variety which everywhere prevails, which is the principal charm of the vegetable creation, and from which we derive so much instruction in the study of their individual forms.

When, however, the seed falls into a soil favourable to its germination, it will grow and become a plant, running through all the phases of the vegetation of its predecessor.

THE FIREBELL.

'I SAY, Bankes,' cried young Tom Harris, my sub-engineer, bursting red and breathless into the little counting-house where I sat balancing the accounts of the last month's profits and outgoings—'I say, Bankes, there's another hitch. Those scampish excisemen won't let the carts start with the new metal. It's a great shame. They've been lounging and smoking their bad cigars around the finery furnace all the last week; they know as well as I do that the order is a *bona-fide* order, and now they put on the screw, and stand out for a high bribe.'

'Give them three Polish florins apiece, and send them packing,' said I, scarcely looking up from the intricate sum I was busy in casting up.

Tom gave a long incredulous whistle.

'I've tried them with some small silver; but they shook their heads, and talked about their duty to the emperor, and so forth. It's most annoying; and the men are furious. They'd pitch those Russian rogues into the torrent, if I did but say the word.'

'Then don't say it,' returned I laughing. 'The fact is, Tom, you haven't been here so long as I have, and don't quite understand these small officials and their

ways. Violence would never do, but neither must we let them run us up to overhigh a standard of bribery. Offer them just what I said; and if they refuse, send back the wagons, and assure the Russians that I shall report them to the governor of the province. Trust me, they'll give way.'

And Tom departed, grumbling like a Briton, to follow my directions.

The worst of our position at Gradusky, was that liability to continual annoyance and extortion on the part of the imperial Jacks-in-office. Nothing in Russia is secure from the meddling of the police; and though Poland is, or was, a little better off in that respect than Muscovy and Malorossia, we could not pursue our lawful business without propitiating a swarm of licensed blood-suckers, from the aiguilleted general to the *mouchard* in shabby black. These excisemen were special pests of ours, since they were permanent, having been stationed in the village with the double view of inspecting the distillery, which belonged to a wealthy Jew, and of keeping an eye on our proceedings at the ironworks.

These ironworks belonged to the great nobleman who owned several square versts of the surrounding country, and who had engaged me as engineer-in-chief, at a very satisfactory rate of salary, two years before. Prince Louis Ogrodzki was one of those spoiled children of fortune who are seldom to be met with save among the aristocracy of a despotic country, men who are envied by the unthinking, but ought, in truth, far rather to be pitied. He had good parts, a great position, and immense wealth, but a fatal something turned all his enjoyments to dust and ashes. I have no doubt that if the prince had been the citizen of a free country, he would have plunged vigorously into politics, and made a well-earned reputation for himself. As a Russian subject, this was impossible; and hence he wandered aimlessly about, in Europe and the east, now giving fêtes of almost regal splendour, now studying art with short-lived ardour, and presently mad for yachts, for English horses and dogs, for coins, gems, paintings, any expensive whim that could conjure away the fiend of Spleen.

One of his whims had been the founding of our works on his estate in South Poland, and among the wildest and prettiest part of the Tsherna Gora Hills. The prince had suddenly determined to throw himself headlong into the progressive march of improvement, to develop the resources of his country, to patronise commerce and science, and much more of the same kind. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and, being rich in lands and minerals, boldly put his theories into practice. Extensive furnaces were erected at Gradusky, roads were improved, machinery imported, and I, who had just been employed in throwing a suspension-bridge over the Dnieper, at the cost of the Russian government, was offered the superintendence of the manufacture of bar and sheet iron from the produce of the Ogrodzki mines. The project was a rational one enough. As far as man's memory extended, the peasants had been accustomed to draw from these mines the scanty supply of iron which they needed for the construction and repair of their dwellings and their rude implements, scratching the hillsides wherever a brown stain of iron denoted the presence of metal, and scooping out the lumps of ore, which were roasted in a kiln, re-roasted, and finally hammered into shape by the village smith. The ore was a brown hematite, which worked up well, when carefully treated, and it existed in considerable abundance. In no other country but Poland or Hungary could so valuable a source of revenue have been so long neglected. Knowing the changeable tastes of the great seigneur to whom the property belonged, I had stipulated on a definite engagement for four years, unless, after the first year, the mines should prove so far inferior to the estimate as only to be worked at a loss. I was obliged to bargain for

this, in default of which it is more than likely that before the furnaces were well in blast, the prince's caprice might prompt the destruction of the buildings and the abandonment of the scheme. As it was, the works paid well, and in spite of many incidental expenses and drawbacks, there was a large balance in my employer's favour. The prince had been very liberal and kind; not only did he allow me an English subordinate—no slight comfort in that out-of-the-way part of the world, where civilised conversation was an exotic—but he permitted Tom Harris and myself to take up our quarters in a handsome suite of apartments in the east wing of the castle. This castle was a splendid pile of buildings, with one gray tower, dented in old wars with Tartar and Turk, contrasting with the modernised façade, with its stately Italian colonnade and marble pilasters, its terraced front, and huge windows. The castle had been rebuilt by the prince's father. It was inhabited by a numerous household of servants, but Prince Louis never came near it from one year's end to another.

We had never less than three hundred men employed at the works—generally more. Poles do not perform so much work, real steady work, as the natives of countries where a greater amount of phlegm is to be found; and our men, though good fellows in the main, required sharp supervision, and a curious mixture of coaxing and firmness, to keep them to their duties. We should have been badly off in this respect but for the merits of a young Pole, the 'corporal' of the working-men, and the person from whom the labourers took their direct instructions. This was a handsome, high-spirited lad, Iavan Zamoski by name, son of a secretary of the late prince, and who had been well educated at a German university, with some view to a priest's tonsure and a possible bishopric. The young man had, however, preferred a secular life; and having a taste for active employment, had been appointed to his present post, which was a tolerably well-paid one, and in which he was invaluable to us. He was highly popular, and not the less beloved because his courage and strength, as well as his attainments, earned him the respect of even the roughest of our people; and, thanks to Iavan, we were able to keep the firemen and sifters, the smiths, puddlers, and forgers pretty steadily to their work.

Those were the stormy days that preceded the Crimean campaign, and Russia, although incredulous of any opposition from the western powers, was arming fast. It was vaguely rumoured that a conspiracy to shake off the Muscovite yoke was being secretly hatched in Poland, and the very whisper of such a project was enough to set all the horns of the imperial chancery buzzing and stinging. Searches for muskets and papers were daily more and more frequent, and domiciliary visits and provisional arrests were freely resorted to. I had been informed that, even in case of a war with England, Englishmen might remain within the Russian dominions, and carry on their avocations as before; indeed, the expulsion of the men who managed the factories and mines, who conducted the foreign trade, and constructed bridge and road, would have been a serious injury to the czar's government; there was therefore as much of policy as of magnanimity in the permission which British subjects received to stay and toil on the scene of their usual exertions. But we were teased by frequent visits on the part of the prying police and more prying revenue-officers; our wagons were laid under embargo for the mere sake of extorting a bribe; and we were constantly compelled to draw up memorials assuring his excellency the governor that we were neither employed in forging swords and pikes, nor in casting cannon, for treasonable purposes.

But these petty vexations were trifles when compared with the formidable threat of an extra conscription, which hung over the country like a menacing thunder-cloud, and paralysed the energy of its youth.

It is necessary to have lived on terms of familiar intercourse with Poles to be aware of their peculiar loathing for the Muscovite uniform, the Muscovite tongue, and all that pertains to the long and dreary period of Russian military servitude. Soldiers by instinct, they have yet a well-grounded horror of a soldier's life in Russia, with all its details of hardship and abject submission.

So matters stood at the time when my English *aide* brought me word of the newest provoking act on the part of the Russian excisemen. He soon came back, however, to tell me that all had gone off well, that the carts had started, and that the imperial functionaries had pocketed the rebuff and the florins with apparent content, after the fashion of men who have done their best; but this was not all that Tom Harris had to tell.

'I say, Bankes, our people are very restless—just like a lot of sparrows when they see a hawk. I hope they won't make a bolt to the woods, and leave us in the lurch, that's all. Have you heard that the Volhynian regiment of dragoons, under a colonel with a name I'd rather not try at, but who is said to be a Tartar in two senses of the word, has just arrived in Leczna?'

Leczna was the nearest town, or great village, about nine miles off.

'The Volhynian dragoons!' said I, with some surprise. 'Why, I thought they passed a month ago, bound for Lublin. I suppose they come to relieve the Novgorod regiment; though, why a garrison is kept up—'

'No, they don't,' eagerly broke in Harris, who dearly loved gossip, or anything else that broke in upon the somewhat heavy monotony of our existence at Gradusky—'no, they don't; for Aaron the Jew, the fellow who's got the government monopoly of brandy, you know, was up here just now about stopping the price of his villainous decoctions out of the poor chaps' wages, and he says that the grenadiers so fill the town, that the dragoons can't be billeted, but have to bivouac. They have brought no tents, which looks queer; but more cavalry are expected, and Leczna swarms with the Warsaw police. I think all this has an ugly look, I can tell you.'

I could not but admit that Tom, though comparatively a novice in Polish affairs, was likely to be right in the present instance. All this marching and countermarching of troops, this concentrating of large bodies of military in a rural district in a time of quiet, could not reasonably be referred to any other motive than that of carrying out the detested conscription.

Tom's budget was not yet fully exhausted.

'I know, if I were Iavan, I should feel anything but comfortable about it. He hasn't had a line of answer to that letter he sent the prince nearly two months ago, asking for a formal certificate of exemption from military service. He ought to be exempt, you know, if only because he saved the prince's life when he was here six years back. Pulled him out of the water, didn't he? Or wasn't there something about a wild boar?'

I laughed as I answered that I believed the service had been of a less romantic character. Iavan had stopped the prince's runaway carriage-horses, at great risk to himself, no doubt, and at a moment when nothing seemed more certain than that the grand seigneur and his costly equipage would go headlong over the wall-like precipice of Seventy Dvor into the chafing torrent below. The young man had not escaped quite scathless, for it is no child's play to wrestle with a pair of mettled brutes, foaming and mad with fear, and rearing fiercely up against the strong grasp on bit and curb. But Iavan Zamoski was a modest, unassuming young fellow, and had not derived the benefits from his bold act that a meaner spirit might easily have done. He had rather seemed to hold himself aloof from the presence of Prince Louis

than to seek his notice; and the great man left his seldom-visited estates, perhaps for the last time, without doing much to recompense the preserver of his life. Ogradzki was not ungrateful, far from it; but he was used to be asked for favours, and had not the knack of doing a spontaneous kindness. So, after he had offered the young 'corporal' a round sum of money, and forced on him a gold watch, and a ring from his own finger, he left the place, and thought no more of the matter, merely telling Iavan, with many gracious words, that he was to apply to him, Prince Louis, whenever he was in want of a friend.

Had Iavan been left to himself, I do not think he would ever have jogged the prince's memory at all; he had one of those proud, self-reliant characters that prefer to stand alone, and seem to pine and wither in the sunshine of patronage. It was not only that Iavan was clever and honest—many Poles are the latter, and still more the former—but he had a self-denial and sustained energy very rare with his countrymen; he studied hard, borrowing my books, and reading everything that bore on the science of engineering, while I felt sure that he would easily make himself a name of note in the higher walks of our profession.

M. Rachow, however, the steward, whose pretty daughter was engaged to be married to Iavan Zamoski, urged upon his intended son-in-law the expediency of claiming the prince's protection. The threatened levy of conscripts filled the prudent old man with alarm for his daughter's happiness. To be sure, there was no reason why the draught should affect Iavan, who was no more likely to be selected than any other Pole of the same age. Also, Iavan was foreman of our ironworks, and had on that account a claim to exemption, according to at least one ukase. Thirdly, he was 'noble,' one of those *Slachsz* or peasant-nobles who are only found in Hungary and Poland, and who have a profound conviction of their own abstract right to be free from Russian military service. We had several of these *Slachsz* in our employ; the best smiths and puddlers, as well as the carpenter and the wheelwright, being members of this singular class. These rustic patriots were, however, merely a little smarter and more frank in bearing than the other artisans of the district, but neither better taught nor more sober than their humbler comrades. Still, each of them was intensely national in his tastes, and hated the Russians as the authors of every evil and degradation, real or fancied, that had or might have fallen on the *Slachsz*.

Iavan differed from the rest in more ways than one. His grandfather had been owner of a tolerable estate on the opposite side of the river, and the Zamoskis had really been reckoned for some centuries among the gentry of the province, electing members of the diet, wearing the square cap and sabre of their order, and doubtless turning out in all the bravery of gold and silver laced pelisse and richly-trapped charger, when the Pospolite, or noble militia, marched to war. That was all over, long ago. Some satellite of the Grand Duke Constantine had taken a fancy to the lands, and they had been confiscated on some true or false pretext of treason to the new rulers. Iavan had nothing but his better education to distinguish him from the half-wild boors around him, but he was of too good a nature to waste his time in useless regrets.

I always imagined that M. Rachow's chief reason for accepting Iavan for a son-in-law was his half-instinctive partiality for rank, even when under a cloud. Not that our brave young 'corporal' gave himself any absurd airs on account of the position which his family had forfeited, but that the steward, who had his weaknesses, was pleased at the idea that his only child should marry a nobleman. He was himself the son of a rich distiller, a Posen Jew who had turned Christian, a rare thing anywhere, especially

in Poland; and the death of his two childless sisters had lately added largely to his store. M. Rachow had also been for thirty years steward of the Gradusky property; and though I believe his hands were clean, his lawful perquisites had been considerable. A Polish or Russian steward has to deal with a semi-oriental tenantry, much more disposed to bring presents to the manager than to pay their rent and *corvée* with anything like punctuality. Then there were all manner of bad old customs, bad for the lord's interest; that is, of first-fruits and tithings, of grazing that belonged to the steward's kine, and loppings of wood that fell to the steward's share, and so on to the end of a chapter of long-standing abuses.

At any rate, M. Rachow was very well off indeed; and having in his youth had a glimpse of Berlin and Dresden, sighed to retire to Germany or France, and there spend the rest of his days in ease and affluence. His plan was, that his daughter and her husband should accompany him to the west, and reside under his roof, while Iavan should study and qualify himself for the highest walks of civil engineering. The old steward used to amuse me greatly by dilating on the future plans he had in view, holding me by the button the while, and speaking in the worst possible French.

'Aha! M. Bankes,' he would say, twinkling his small eyes knowingly, 'there is a career in France for those who deserve it. I know what I know. *Peste!* Iavan will make his way; he has brains and courage; he will be decorated with the Legion of Honour before he is five years older. We shall be people of consequence in France, for there are plenty of roubles in bank, and my son-in-law will be a nobleman, that which spoils nothing in equality-loving Paris, *foi de Rachow*. Iavan is a fine lad—pity he has no title—he must call himself count; I really must insist on his calling himself count—others do it who have not half as much right to it; and my daughter Louise will be Countess Zamoiski, and may go to the Tuileries; and why not?'

I listened to all this with commendable patience, though I felt pretty sure that all his father-in-law's eloquence would scarcely persuade Iavan to dub himself a count. The inferior ranks of the Polish noblesse, like those of Hungary, have no titles, and I was merely amused by the old steward's ambition to be the father of a contraband countess. But I could not deny that M. Rachow was acting sensibly when he insisted on Iavan's writing to ask for the prince's intercession with the imperial authorities. It was not very likely that young Zamoiski should be selected for the honour of shouldering a musket in Daghestan, but it was possible, and the steward was right in desiring to provide against so untoward an accident.

Tom Harris informed me that the wedding was to take place on Tuesday week, that preparations to celebrate it with unusual splendour had already commenced, and that he and I were, of course, invited to the mass and the feast, not forgetting the grand ball which always winds up a Polish family festival, and which is nowhere more keenly enjoyed than among these dance and music loving Sarmatians. The prince had not yet answered Iavan's letter; but M. Rachow had indirectly heard of his departure from Geneva, where he had been staying, to Como, where he had bought the villa of some ruined Milanese banker. Without doubt, the matter would soon be adjusted, and the letter must have followed the Ogdzki household southwards. M. Rachow had yielded to the wishes of his family, for indeed Madame Rachow, a notable, kindly woman, to whom the bustle of arranging the feast, and putting the last touches to the bride's *corbeille*, seemed to be almost ideal happiness, was a staunch promoter of the match. She had spun and bleached more linen than Louise was ever likely to wear out in the longest life; she had laid in stores of bright ribbons and resplendent silks, trinkets from Vienna, and bonnets from Paris, and

she was eager to see her daughter put all this finery to use.

There seemed to me, as the week wore on, to be an odd contrast between the pleasant stir and genial excitement which an approaching wedding never fails to cause in a rustic neighbourhood, and the gloom which was cast over the whole district by the ill-omened presence at Leczna of the Volhynian dragons and the grenadiers of Novgorod. There were dark rumours of the activity of the police, of the coming and going of mounted messengers, and the stealthy but assiduous gathering into the official bureaux of roll after roll of names. All this boded ill for those who were liable to the summons of their military taskmasters; and for some days the peasantry hung together in knots, with dark looks and sullen faces, moodily discussing the practicability of flight or resistance. But when time rolled on, and the authorities appeared inert, when the Jew-pedlars reported that the troops at Leczna had received their tents, and were going through their exercise daily, as a preparation, it was hinted, for a march to the seat of war, the villagers breathed more freely; and public opinion, veering round, favoured the idea that the cantonment at Leczna was a mere camp of instruction, and that there was to be no conscription at all.

And now the day approached, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of seeing a thoroughly national merry-making. M. Rachow, a thrifty man in general, had been liberal for once, and no one in the parish, Jew or Christian, save only the two Russian excise-men, had been left unbidden. But there were great distinctions of rank and creed, which precluded every one from sitting at the same board. The Jews were to dine apart from the rest, the commonalty from the petty nobles; and at the principal table were to be entertained a select assemblage, consisting of the Rachow family, certain old spinsters, aunts of Iavan, the bridegroom, the priest, two or three small land-owners and ex-officers of the Polish army, Tom Harris, myself, and two or three of the more civilised of the Slachsiz, who were almost as proud of their ability to read and write as of their patrician degree. There was to be no stint of Polish dainties—of pork in all its forms, of mutton and veal, of gingerbread, pancakes, cranberry tarts, thick cream, cakes, sweetmeats, beer, brandy, and Menescher wine smuggled across the Carpathians. There were to be fireworks on the lawn, jugglers in the courtyard, and a brass band from Cracow. Everybody, old and young, was to be made happy somehow or other.

In the midst of all these preparations, the setting up of masts gay with ribbons, the rearing of triumphal arches, to decorate which the prince's gardener had promised every rose in his parterres, the pounding and flattening of an earthen floor, whereon three hundred couples might dance the Mazourka and the waltz to their heart's content, I felt a sort of dark presentiment of coming evil. In vain I struggled with this uncomfortable feeling, accusing myself of being a mere kill-joy, incapable of entering into the innocent mirth and hopefulness of the primitive people around me; I could not contrive to dissipate the unwelcome impression. Iavan, on the other hand, seemed perfectly happy and confident; so did M. Rachow; so did his wife, a comely German woman from one of the Saxon colonies in North Poland; and so did pretty Louise, the black-eyed bride. The last was a lively, affectionate girl, who looked on Iavan as a prodigy of erudition and accomplishments, but who was herself rather good than clever. She had a taste for music, however, and used to sing old Polish ballads with a pathos that impressed even Harris and myself, who could never pick up more than a very few words of the difficult language. On the whole, I could not but own that this young pair would be launched in life with as fair a prospect of matrimonial happiness as falls to the lot of most.

The day came, a warm, still autumn day, with long shroud-like films of fleecy cloud lying athwart the pale blue of the sky, and a rich creamy haze hanging over the yellowing woods and sandy cliffs that skirted the horizon. The bells rang cheerily, the boys shouted, there were flags flying from steeple and tree-top, and there was an attempt to fire a salute of twenty-one guns, by the aid of some improvised wooden cannon, which the young men had made by hollowing out the stems of two tough old willows, cut down for the purpose; but one of these irregular pieces of ordnance burst at the fourth round, luckily without doing serious damage.

The village church of Gradusky was crowded with Poles, in their holiday garb; and I saw more long-boarded trinkets, more quaintly-embroidered kirtles and jackets, more velvet caps and many-coloured sashes, drawn forth from chest and press in honour of the day, than during the whole two years of my residence in Poland. It was well known that in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas and his satellites, to wear the national Polish dress was an act of tacit treason; but on the occasion of the wedding of one so popular as Iavan, there was no thought of Russian displeasure, and I stood in the midst of an assembly whose attire was of the date of Casimir's reign. The church itself was the boast of the village, being not only a stone structure of imposing spaciousness, but having stained-glass windows, an altar-piece painted by no unskilful hand, and a fine belfry tower. It had been founded by a Prince Ogrodzki in 1560, and most of his descendants had done something towards its repair or embellishment.

The bride's path had been strewn with flowers, scattered, according to custom, by eight of the prettiest maidens of the village, dressed in white, and each with a basket heavy with blossoms on her arm. Louise Rachow looked very well in her new character, smiling through tears and blushes, as a bride should do; and it was pretty to see the fond trustfulness of her glance at Iavan, as they knelt together before the old priest. Madame Rachow was weeping, as if the marriage had not been her own cherished project; and I never saw the steward to such great advantage, his coarse features being at once softened and dignified by a touch of true parental feeling.

There was one person, and that a prominent one among the favoured guests, whose presence there surprised me at first—this was the tax-collector of the district, Andorl Dietrich by name. This man was not a Pole, but a native of some one of the Baltic provinces, Courland or Livonia; and his broad flat face, flaxen hair, and heavy look contrasted oddly with the raven locks, well-shaped forms, and flashing eyes of the majority of the company. He was a shrewd fellow, and tolerably well educated, while he was known to be the only son of a rich 'over-superintendent' of revenue. I never liked this Dietrich; there was something repulsive in the stealthy look of his pale blue eyes, and his soft, guarded manner of speaking. He had been, as I knew, a suitor for the hand of the steward's well-dowered daughter, and was reported to have taken his rejection in very ill part; yet there he was, smiling and flattering, in his Berlin-made Sunday suit and glittering *brocheux*, not the least important of the select group around the altar. Somehow, his presence seemed to me to be of anything but good augury; though Tom Harris, who was the most unsuspecting soul alive, whispered to me that Andorl Dietrich was a much better fellow than he, Tom, had imagined; that he had behaved well ever since the marriage was fixed, frankly congratulating his successful rival, and winning golden opinions from all by the manly generosity of his conduct.

Yet I thought this Andorl Dietrich had a curious way of glancing at Iavan from the corner of his sly and half-closed eyes, much as a cat watches an unconscious young mouse, and I noticed that he

every now and then turned his head towards the arched door, and appeared to listen intently, as if for some expected sound. At last the long ceremony was concluded, the last words of blessing were spoken by the priest, and the assembly had raised their voices in the first bars of the Polish hymn that usually resounded at a wedding, when there was a sudden clang of steel and hurrying feet, and the church was entered by a party of *gens d'armes* and police agents, headed by a magistrate in his official scarf, and who was accompanied by a *greffier* with writing materials.

'Shut the doors. Let no one stir!' called out the commissary imperiously. 'I summon all present to listen respectfully and attentively to the list of conscripts from this parish of Gradusky, drawn up and corrected in accordance with the ukases of the august Czar, Emperor of the Russias. Keep silence.'

There was a murmur of many voices, half dismayed, half threatening, and several of the women screamed aloud. But when the magistrate drew from his pocket a long roll of paper, and proceeded, in a harsh, high key, to read the list of names of those destined to swell the ranks of the Russian army, a dead hush fell upon the excited throng, and amid all those wildly-throbbing hearts and wondering faces there was a silence so profound that it impressed me more than groans and cries could have done.

The list was a terribly long one. The quota demanded from our parish, which contained nearly four hundred young men of the military age (more than three-fourths of whom were employed in the ironworks), was no less than sixty-nine. To be sure, the commissary made the dry announcement, that only half, or, at the most, two-thirds of the conscripts would actually have to join the first levy, the rest remaining provisionally at home, after passing the medical inspection, and being bound to muster under the standards at seven days' notice, when called. There was to be no drawing of numbers, as in France; that duty, the task of selection, had been already performed by the government officers, and the names were all set down alphabetically; and the last name on the list was that of the bridegroom of the day, of our young Polish friend and fellow-worker, Iavan Zamoeki.

Up to the announcement of that name, the crowd had listened with a sort of passive stupefaction to the grating accents of the official speaker; but when the words were uttered, and, with a piercing scream, the poor weeping bride flung her arms round her husband's neck—her husband of a few moments, whom the imperial tyranny was about to tear from her and all his bright prospects of fame and happiness, to serve among the armed slaves of the czar—the calm broke up into such a storm of wailing, curses, threats, and passionate wrath as I have never heard before or since. There was something fearful in that sudden upheaval of the indignant hearts of the oppressed against the oppressor; and the commissary became alarmed, calling on the *gens d'armes* to secure the men designated, and bidding them fire on the crowd if the disturbance continued.

This command put the spark to the train. Iavan hastily but tenderly freed himself from the loving arms of poor Louise, and called on the other conscripts to 'die like men, not like sheep before the butcher;' and, suiting the action to the word, he sprang upon the nearest soldier, and snatched away his carbine, which went off in the struggle, exploding harmlessly. At the same moment, a tall smith, one of the *Slachisz*, whose name was on the Russian list, struck down a second gendarme, and a violent rush of the young men bore down the remainder, who were disarmed, overthrown, and trampled down by the fleeing throng, now pouring impetuously out of the church. So abrupt was the attack, that sabres and firearms were wrenched away before a shot could be fired or a blow struck; and in a few instants the

church was empty of all save a few trembling women, the Rachow family, Andorl Dietrich, and Tom Harris and myself.

Never was a merry-making more ruthlessly nipped in the bud than that unlucky festival of Iavan's wedding. The village was the scene of anything but mirth, that sad afternoon. Only the women, the children, and a few old men, whose bowed backs and trembling limbs proved their exemption from military toil, remained in Gradusky. All the able-bodied males, Jew or Christian, married or single, had disappeared. The gens d'armes, balked of their prey, and smarting under their bruises and their defeat, held possession of the place, and sent off a mounted messenger to Leczna; and before evening, we heard the trumpets of the regiment of Volhynia, and two squadrons of dragoons marched in, and were billeted on the inhabitants.

Those were wretched days that succeeded. Neither work nor play went on. The forges were silent, the furnaces cold, the hammers lay idle under the long sheds of our smithies, and the iron mines were deserted. So it was with the fields, where the rude operations of Polish agriculture had ceased, and where the corn was in many places left ungathered, because tyranny and arbitrary violence had scared the husbandmen away. The people had been seized by actual panic, and though the conscription did not, properly speaking, affect the majority of them, they were fearful lest whoever shewed himself should be made a scapegoat for the truants. They lay hid in various parts of that broken and rugged country, some hiding in the half-dried swamps, some in the forest, and others among the numerous caverns that seamed the sandy cliffs of the Tsherna Gora Hills. Food was smuggled to these retreats by the women and the aged, in spite of the angry prohibition of the Russian commander; but in many cases the slender store of provisions was intercepted by a patrol, and I began to fear that our poor fellows were suffering severe privations in their hiding-places.

The officers of the detachment were quartered in the castle, where they occupied the state-apartments, reckless of the mischief which their dirty boots and cigar-ashes inflicted on the delicate sky-blue and pale amber satin and velvet of the costly furniture. But Rachow dared not complain; on the contrary, he and all the prince's servants vied in catering for the comfort of these self-invited guests, who dined daily amid a blaze of gold and silver plate, and seemed to appreciate the priceless Tokay and the long-boarded Johannisberg of the Ogrodzki cellar.

'*Pourvu* that these Messieurs do not end by burning the house over our heads!' whispered the poor steward to me, with a look of alarm.

Of this, however, I had little apprehension. Baron Alexander Menschikoff, who commanded the troops, was too astute a person to commit such a blunder. To live at free quarters and on the fat of the land, in the mansion of an absentee noble whose vassals had disobeyed the imperial mandates, was all very well; but as among the prince's caprices patriotism had never been known to count, the name of Ogrodzki was in good odour at St Petersburg; and besides, Menschikoff—a cousin of the czar's favourite statesman—was more akin to the fox than the bear, and did not wish to be cruel or violent, except where cruelty and violence promised to be profitable; he did not, therefore, allow his men to plunder or maltreat the defenceless families in Gradusky, although he tried hard to lay hands upon the fugitives, and used every effort of cajolery and menace to carry out the orders of the government.

It was all in vain. The runaways were well hidden; and their intimate knowledge of the ravines and crags, the quaking bogs and tangled thickets, stood them in good stead. The dragoons scoured the neighbourhood in vain, only capturing two prisoners, neither of whom

was fit for service, and no bribe could induce any peasant of the adjacent parishes to act as guide to the Russians. There were many bores in the province who would have done almost anything for money, and to whose dull souls patriotism was an unmeaning word, but not one of these would take upon him the office of leading the soldiers to the lair of the fugitives. 'Silver,' as they quaintly observed, 'was useless in a dead man's purse.' And they well knew what would be the meed of treason when the avengers were so many and so near.

A fortnight passed in this manner, and Baron Menschikoff began to find time hang heavy on his hands. After all, a man of intellect cannot always be smoking cigars and sipping champagne and *Steinwein*, however excellent, and the baron was a man of ability and education, a true Russian, with a cultured brain and a hard heart. It happened that the other officers were either very young men, who had been sent to Poland to get them out of the way of debt, gaming, and dissipation, or rough soldiers of fortune from Courland and Finland, those Russo-Germans who are the most unscrupulous of the czar's instruments; therefore, Baron Menschikoff paid me the compliment of greatly affecting my society, and of talking architecture and music, painting and politics, all of which he understood fairly, and discoursed of with fluent readiness. I should not have mentioned this whimsical preference on the part of a Russian of rank for the company of an English engineer, whom he would probably have despised in a St Petersburg saloon, but that from that circumstance arose a chain of events which brought misery to many.

Menschikoff had a foible for archaeology, not so much for its own sake, since a Russian really prefers what is new, but because antiquities were prized by the civilised nations of Western Europe, and it was therefore held to be *de bon goût* to be archaeological to the backbone. I happened to mention that although the church of Gradusky was not very old, it contained some marbles and brasses of a much more remote date, and which had probably been transferred to it from some older edifice, ruined by decay, or destroyed in war; and the baron at once proposed that we should stroll down to the village, and inspect the interior of the building.

On our way, we met the tax-gatherer, Andorl Dietrich, who doffed his hat with a fawning smile, a salute which Menschikoff acknowledged with a very cool nod.

'A mean *gredin* that, M. Bankes,' said the Russian, tapping his boots with his riding-whip, as he glanced after the slinking figure of the tax-gatherer. 'It is one thing, as was said long ago, to love the treason, and another thing to love the traitor. That knave's information misled us, too, after all!'

I made no answer, but turned my eyes in disgust from the treacherous wretch. Already it had been noised throughout the parish that the man who drew up the secret list of those able-bodied young men who were most hostile to Russian domination was no other than Andorl Dietrich. But this act, though sufficiently mean and cruel, was far surpassed by the unfairness of his conduct towards Zamoski. Manifestly, it was out of sheer malice towards a fortunate rival that he had inserted Iavan's name in the list—Iavan, who was known to keep aloof from political intrigues, and whose position on the Ogrodzki property was in itself a reason for his exemption from the levy. And when people remembered how the tax-gatherer had feigned to be frank and friendly, insinuating himself into the good graces of those whose dearest hopes he had resolved to blight, curses were muttered by young and old, and the betrayer found himself an outcast, only preserved from popular vengeance by the presence of the military.

The old sacristan was pleased and flattered at being called from his hut to shew us over the church, and

seemed quite to forget that Menschikoff was a Russian soldier, so proud was he to find an amateur who thoroughly appreciated the humble treasures which he kept under lock and key. The quaint old reliquaries, the parcel-gilt pyx and chalice, that had been carried off by the Turks in a war of elder days, and retaken among the Carpathian passes by a squadron of the Pospolite, the fragment of the true cross, set in gold, and given to an Ögrodzki by some half-fabulous king of Bohemia, the brasses, font, and carvings, got their due meed of praise; and then the old man, leading us up the narrow stair of the belfry, proceeded with great animation and pride to shew us the bells.

'This, gentlemen, is the chime given by noble Prince Demetrius—may his soul find rest!—and not a better ever came out, I warrant you, from the foundry at Prague. And this, illustrious sirs, is the peal, the gift of our present master's high-born grandfather, not a bell having become cracked or flawed in sixty years. And this fine bell, bigger than all the rest, with the embossed letters round the rim, has a voice like thunder, it is so deep; but, blessed be St Anne and St Vladimir, we seldom hear it.'

'Why so?' asked the baron, yawning, and preparing to depart.

'Because, mighty sir, its notes are of evil portent. It is tolled, by old custom, at a death in our lord's family, or when there is a conflagration, and we dread the sound of it as the summons of the angel of terror. It used to be tolled, too, when Turks or Tartars were at hand; but we never see Turks or Tartars—the bearded miscreant cut-throats—now a days; and as for Russians— Forgive me, noble baron; I forgot your Excellency was from Moscow.'

Menschikoff laughed very good-humouredly, and was liberal in the gratuity he bestowed upon the garrulous old guardian of the church, nor did he ask any more questions, but I could see that as we walked homewards he knit his shaggy brows, as if lost in thought, and answered my remarks at random.

The next day, to my very great surprise, the trumpets sounded to horse, and the unwelcome military visitors marched away from Gradusky, followed by anything but blessings by the population. The younger officers, who preferred the luxuries of the castle to the rough life of the camp, were disposed to grumble, but Menschikoff was peremptory, and without delay the movement took place, the commandant giving no reason for his act beyond an obscure hint of private instructions from headquarters.

There was great exultation in castle and village when the Russians retired; the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts of the conscripts were loudest of all in their joy; and pretty Louise, the bride of that stormy morning which witnessed the irruption of the czar's myrmidons, was congratulated by old and young on the return of better times. There was no likelihood that the draft would be carried out; indeed, for such a step, even had the authorities been able to track the fugitives to their retreat, force was lacking. No police remained in the village save only the two Russian douaniers, and a solitary gendarme who had been left to protect Andorl Dietrich. This latter worthy was engaged in packing his household gear, and disposing of his four milch cows and the other live-stock that he had kept on the little farm which he held. He could not safely remain at Gradusky, and indeed he had given in his resignation of the post of tax-gatherer, asking at the same time for promotion in another province. This had, as it was reported, been promised to him as the reward of his treachery; but the Muscovite officials were in no hurry to recompense a traitor whose perfidy had proved barren, so that Andorl Dietrich was not much the better for his activity in promoting enlistment.

The day passed on, and the excitement and rejoicings of the women wore themselves out, but I noticed that none of the men shewed themselves, and on the following morning I met Louise in tears, with an open letter in her hand. It was from Iavan, who wrote to say, as tenderly as he could word it, that his young bride must wait yet a while for his coming. The Poles in hiding had held a council, and had decided to remain in concealment for some days longer, moved to this act of self-denial by an unconquerable fear of Russian stratagem. The troops were gone; well and good; but the Muscovite camp was still at Leczna; the craft of the Russians was proverbial; the runaways dreaded lest Menschikoff's purpose might merely be to lull them into a fatal security. Iavan did not disguise his disappointment at this resolve, but he could not but own its prudence, and it was an understood thing that the will of the majority should bind the rest.

This wary delay on the part of our truant workmen was annoying to me, as well as vexatious to others, for I wanted particularly to finish the manufacture of a large quantity of bar-iron, for which we had orders from government. Russia was now at war with the allied powers, and an English resident in the czar's dominions had need, above all things, to avoid the slightest sign of a desire to indulge his national feelings in antagonism to the hostile sovereign under whose temporary protection he lived. My failure to send off the metal within the prescribed time might be attributed to a spiteful wish on the part of an alien enemy to inconvenience the operations of government, and in that case the works would probably be placed under surveillance, and the English engineers thrust across the frontier, in token of the emperor's displeasure. And yet I could not but own that the men were right in securing their most precious possession—liberty—from any sudden stroke of politic tyranny.

That night I was awakened by the most awful din—composed of shrieks, cries, and shouts, the hurried beating on doors, trampling of feet, ringing of bells, and flinging open of windows—that had ever yet disturbed my slumbers. Hastily throwing on my clothes, I rushed out into the passage, and ran against Tom Harris, who, with his coat half on and half off, was bawling 'Fire!' with the full power of his lungs. 'Fire!' That ominous word was repeated in Polish, French, and German by many tongues, as the numerous servants rushed distractedly about; and such contradictory rumours were abroad that it was long before I could make out whether the castle was in flames.

At last, Rachow, with my help, hushed the frightened females sufficiently to obtain a hearing, and loudly proclaimed that the mansion was in no danger, but that all who were able to work must hasten instantly to the village, in the hope of extinguishing the flames, which were visible above the tree-tops, and which had been first seen by the young Englishman, M. Harris. The great bell of Prince Demetrius, the bell that hung in the church tower, and which had been dumb for years, was tolling to call for help.

The Poles are of a brave and kindly race, and it was with cheerful alacrity that every man and boy of the prince's household ran to collect axe, rope, and ladder, and started rapidly down the hill towards the spot where the fire and smoke were visible, faint and red, through the screen of trees. As we hurried on, we could hear the deep, boding notes of the huge firebell, herald of misfortune, tolling with sullen roar over valley and forest; and the remembrance that there were scarcely any save helpless women in the village lent wings to our feet. However, we were burdened with three ladders, the only ones in the parish, which had been taken from the court of the castle, and these delayed us somewhat, though I would not

permit the men, in their impatience, to drop what might be the means of safety to many despairing sufferers. And still the bell rang, deep and harsh, and a confused sound of screams and lamentations came on the night-wind.

As we reached the first huts of the village, a quick tramp of feet and hum of voices made us turn in surprise, as a dark column of men broke from the woods, and rushed, breathless and panting, into the doomed hamlet. They came on at a rapid pace, the swiftest being far ahead of the others, but all eagerly pressing on to the goal. We recognised the fugitives from Russian despotism, called forth from their lurking-places by the dread summons of the alarm-bell, and forgetting their own risk in the peril that beset their homes and families. I thought I saw Ivan among the foremost, and I called to him, but my voice was drowned in the roar and rush of the crowd.

When we, the castle-party, entered the little market square with our ladders and hatchets, a strange scene presented itself: the newly-arrived peasants, gasping and spent with the exertions of their recent march, were huddled confusedly in the middle of the square, mixed with a throng of women and children, whose shrill voices added to the turmoil. The deep roar of the bell still broke forth, quick, stern, and menacing, but the fire seemed to be dying out, and the red glare and glow waxed fainter every moment.

All seemed to talk, none to listen; it was one of those moments when all distinct purpose appears to desert a crowd. At last I caught the words, loudly vociferated by many at once: 'Where is the fire?'

And the throng of dark figures swayed backwards and forwards, while the clamour became more deafening than before. No flames were now visible. At that moment, I thought I heard a dull, deep sound, gradually coming nearer, plainly to be distinguished from the tolling of the bell and the cries of the people. I listened, stooping to hear better, and the sounds came nearer, steadily nearer, a sullen beat, as of a pavier's rammer on hard earth. I caught Tom Harris by the arm.

'Listen!' I whispered; but Tom could hear nothing for a minute or more, when he suddenly started, exclaiming: 'I've got it now, Bankes; it's the tramp of horse! Better give warning to our poor fellows.'

Before I could get a hearing, however, the sounds grew terribly audible, and were mingled with the rattle of military accoutrements.

'The Russians! the Russians are come back!' screamed fifty terrified voices; and there was a rush towards the woods. But alas! the ill-omened sounds were echoed from that quarter also, and a number of the fugitives who had tried to escape by the opposite side of the hamlet came back in dismay, to announce the enemy's approach. East, west, north, and south they came. The beating of their steeds' hoofs on the hard ground was heavy and rapid, but regular, and it was blended with the clash of steel, and a long melancholy note from the trumpets of the advancing squadrons.

'Caught, as in a net!' I heard Ivan say, as he passed by me, and the young man's face was deadly pale, but he had the good sense to discourage the hopeless resistance which one or two of the Slachsiz were prepared to offer to the troops. And now a long line of horsemen became visible, and riding side by side, in close order, the whole regiment of Volhynian dragoons poured into the village of Gradusky, their helmets and weapons shining in the faint starlight, and Menschikoff's mocking voice bade all present surrender to the czar's authority. At the same moment, the tolling of the firebell ceased.

My story is nearly told, and I wish not to dwell on the rage, the tears, the heart-broken lamentations that followed; suffice it that it was a painful scene, and that the conscripts on the fatal list were strongly ironed and led away, fastened with cords to the

saddle-bows of the troopers. It was not long before the baron, recognising me with his usual politeness, told me (as a very good joke) of the heartless ruse by which he had outwitted the refractory Poles. From the moment when the old sacristan told him the history of the firebell of Gradusky, the wily Russian had determined to profit by the hint. On this account he had removed his soldiers from the village, encamping his force in a wood at some leagues off, and sending to Leczna for the rest of the regiment, that there might be enough dragoons to surround Gradusky entirely. A sergeant, renowned for courage and adroitness, was selected, and, after dusk, was sent with a party of picked men, to enter the village on foot and in peasants' clothing, to ring the alarm-bell, and to set on fire certain stacks of hay and piles of fagots in the outkirks. This duty had been well performed. The old sacristan had been forced, with a pistol to his head, to admit the intruders to the belfry; the door of the church had been locked, and the bell soon sent forth its hoarse call, while two soldiers set on fire the stacks and firewood alluded to. As Menschikoff had conjectured, the fugitives forgot their own danger in their haste to protect those they loved, and the trap thus cruelly and craftily baited proved wholly successful.

The dragoons marched in one hour's time, taking sixty-nine prisoners along with them; but of these Ivan Zamoski was not one. Menschikoff had received from Leczna the governor's letter of exemption for the young bridegroom, in whose favour Prince Louis Ogrodzki had, though tardily, bestirred himself. But as the list must be completed, and as the baron spoke no more than the truth in declaring his aversion to traitors, even while profiting by their treason, Andorl Dietrich was the victim selected to make up the roll of conscripts. It was some consolation to the mourners of that sorrow-stricken hamlet that the wretch to whom their misery was due had been caught in his own snare. Years afterwards, when Harris and I had resigned our posts, and left the Russian dominions for ever, I met with Ivan Zamoski and his wife Louise in Paris, prosperous and happy, as they deserved to be.

R E D.

THE antipathy and preference which individuals, and even whole nations, have entertained towards certain colours, originates in causes that may be more easily conjectured than ascertained. Perhaps we shall not err greatly if we refer the predilection and the dislike to an association of ideas it is not always within the competence of a stranger to detect; whilst, in the case of national aversion or liking, religious traditions or superstitious belief may have had something to do with the matter. Mr Layard tells us that the colour blue is an abomination not only to the Sabæans, but to the Yezidis—they worship the devil, but detest the cerulean hue of the firmament. Their dress never displays it: it is banned in all their houses. On the other hand, the Père Charlevoix tells an affecting story of a North American Indian who, on his death-bed, desired to be arrayed in a garment of blue, because it was the colour of the sky—a desire, we submit, in every way more commendable than that of those who

Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.

With some, black is the favourite colour; and Dioscorides incidentally mentions a curious art practised by the Greeks of turning a blue eye into a black, an art, however, which is not yet wholly lost, nor does it deserve a place in any new edition of Guido Pancirollus's famous book, seeing that, in our prize-ring and among our wife-beaters, many are to be found skilful in turning into black eyes of all shades of colour.

The custom of blackening the eyebrows prevailed at one time to such a degree as to provoke the rebuke of Tertullian, who, although an African himself, was possessed with a profound dislike of the complexion of his fellow-countrymen. What would he have said could he have visited the city of Angers, commonly called the Black City—the slate-quarries in its neighbourhood supplying its builders with the most of their materials—where all the images of the saints are sable in hue? Addison remarks that throughout his tour in Italy he met with no figure representing Sleep that was not black. There is an obvious propriety in this, which is more than can be said of the habit ascribed to the Javanese of blackening their teeth in order not to be mistaken for monkeys, whose dental apparatus is of the most snowy whiteness. P. H. Bruce states the same circumstance in reference to the Banyans of India, whose teeth, in consequence, it is said, of their abstinence from animal food, are of unusual strength and regularity, but artificially rendered the colour of soot. In derision, they call the white-teethed Europeans *bonora*, that is, apes.

That a connection subsists between the colour black and the excellence of the teeth, might be concluded from an anecdote related by Southey. He had an infant daughter, with whom, as is not unusually the case, the operation of teething was painful and slow. A Bristol lady, who had perhaps some West Indian experience, advised him to let the child kiss as many black women as she could, and by that means the protrusion of the teeth through the tender gums would be quickly and painlessly accomplished.

But in whatever esteem other colours may have been held, red has generally maintained its pre-eminence as the regal colour. In its various shades, purple, crimson, scarlet, vermillion, and yellow, it has associated itself with the majesty and glory of empire. It is the colour, in a modified condition, of the sun—it gives lustre to gold, the prince of metals; it warms the cheek of beauty; it lends radiance to 'the garden's queen, the rose.' In the interesting account of the Franciscan mission to the Philippines, which we owe to the pen of the Rev. Padre Francisco Juan San Antonio, we read that no native of those islands was permitted to wear red until he had killed his man—that is, until he had given a proof of his valour and combative skill; a fact which reminds us of a story told of Stone, the blind mathematician, who, when asked what was his idea of scarlet, replied he thought it resembled the sound of a trumpet. It is certain that, in this country, a strong prejudice exists, and for long has existed, against the colour red, at least in two particulars. There are few Englishmen who can tolerate red hair, or red tape; yet, under their favour, something may be said in behalf of both.

There was a work on *Vulgar Errors* published in 1659, before the appearance of Sir Thomas Browne's immortal dissertations on the subject, in which the 'vulgar error' of 'censuring red-haired men' is unsparingly denounced; but for our present purpose we prefer citing the authority of M. De Cyrano Bergerac, a noted duellist of the seventeenth century, a man of fashion and of the world, whose *Satirical Characters and Handsome Descriptions in Letters, written to several Persons of Quality*, were 'translated from the French by a Person of Honour,' and published in 1658. Our author observes: 'A brave head covered with red hair is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, or the sun himself is only a great eye under a red periwig; yet all the world speaks ill of it, because few have the honour to be so; and among a hundred ladies you shall hardly find one, because, they being sent from heaven to command, it is necessary there should be more subjects than sovereigns. Do we not see,' he adds, 'that all things in nature are more or less noble as they are more or less red? Amongst the elements,

he that contains the most essence and the least matter or substance is the fire, *because* of his colour; gold hath received of his dye the honour to reign over the metals, and of all planets the sun is most considerable *only because* he is most red; the hairy comets that fly up and down the skies at the death of heroes, are they not the red moustaches of the gods that they pluck off for grief? Castor and Pollux, those little fires that make seamen foretell the end of a storm, can they be anything else than the red hairs of Juno, which she, in token of love, sends to Neptune? In fine, had it not been for the desire men had to possess the fleece of a red sheep, the glory of thirty demi-gods would be in the cradle of these things which never were born.' He notices, then, the fact, that the gentlest deities in the Pantheon, Apollo and Venus, were pictured as being, not 'lily white of hue,' but crimson-red, and apologised for Jupiter shewing himself *brown*, a decidedly plebeian colour, on the ground the smoke of his thunders had turned him *black*! He then reminds the reader that the sovereignty of Athens depended on Nisus's yellow tress, and remarks that Adam must have been highly accomplished. 'Aristotle,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'was but the rubbish of an Adam,' because, as his name signifies red earth, he must himself have been red; and to be red is to be wise, witty, learned, skilful—in fact, perfection itself. He concludes thus: 'The best balanced constitution is that which is betwixt phlegmatic and melancholy. The flaxen and the black are beside it—that is to say, the fickle and the obstinate; between both is the medium where wisdom, in favour of red men, hath lodged virtue, so (that is, as of consequence) their flesh is much more delicate, their blood more pure, their spirits more clarified, and, consequently, their intellect more accomplished, because of the perfect mixture of the four qualities.' He sums up: 'In troth, I seldom see a flaxen head of hair but I think of a distaff ill-periwigged.' An abler or more conclusive vindication of 'fiery-toned locks' could not, we think, be adduced, and we may supplement it with the remark, that, although Coleridge has given to his female fiend 'Life-in-Death,' who 'thicks men's blood with cold,' at once 'skin as white as leprosy,' and 'locks as yellow as gold,' locks of that dye were greatly coveted by the dames of imperial Rome, who selected the colour for that of their periwigs, and even now in the Italian peninsula it is held in the highest esteem.

The value of red tape may be judged from the following passage in Taylor's *Account of the Rebellion in Wexford*. 'Before the rebellion broke out in Wexford,' says the historian, 'all the red tape in the country was bought up, and more ordered from Dublin. It was generally bought in half-yards, and all the Roman Catholic children, boys and girls, wore it round their necks. This was so general and so remarkable as to occasion some inquiry, and the reason given was this: a priest had dreamed there would be a great plague among the children of their church under fifteen years of age; that their brains were to boil out at the back of their heads. He dreamed also there was a charm to prevent it, which was to get some red tape, have it blessed and sprinkled with holy-water, and tie it round the children's necks till the month of May, when the season of danger would be past. The Protestants had good cause to suspect that it was, in reality, intended as a mark to distinguish their own children, like the blood of the Paschal lamb when the Egyptian first-born were to be cut off.'

According to good old Bishop Pontoppidan, the salmon—at least in Norway—has as great a horror of the colour red, as a Sussex bull or a Manchester Quaker. Fishermen, when watching the fish, carefully avoid garments of that colour; and a person whose house stood on the shore close to the water,

removed the red tiles from his roof for that very reason, replacing them with blue ones. We can as little understand the *causa causans* of this, as we can understand why, in a charter granted by our King John early in his reign, by which great and singular privileges were conferred on the Jews, a prohibition should have been inserted forbidding them, under any circumstances, to purchase red cloth. The phrase used is *pannus sanguine lentus*, which Madox, in his *History of the Exchequer*, translates *cloth stained with blood*; but the meaning obviously is cloth of the colour of blood—that is what we call florid or blood-red. Red always suggesting the notion of heat or fire, Bishop Patrick gravely affirms that 'the poor Norwegian' is 'afraid, at the first sight of a rose, to touch it, being apprehensive of burning his fingers'—a statement which naturally enough provoked the patriotic indignation of his brother-prelate, Bishop Pontoppidan, who somewhat angrily denounces it as a fiction; affirming, in its confutation, what we all know, that the rose is a flower by no means uncommon in Norway. Be that as it may, the fact is well authenticated, as we learn from Sir Kenelm Digby, that the beautiful Lady Heneage found her fair cheek blistered when a red rose was laid on it, exactly as if a red-hot iron had been applied. If we are to credit Horace Walpole, a modification of the colour red was in no very remote times the means of extending the British empire, for we read in one of his gossiping letters—'This very morning, I found that part of the purchase-money of Maryland from the savage proprietors (for we do not massacre—we are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews' harps.'

That there is some virtue in this colour, red, apart from that which may inhere in any substance in which the colour is exhibited, we have certainly some evidence. When we read that Cardinal Sylberger's only remedy to ease the pain of the gout was to plunge his hand into a basinful of gold money, and to turn the pieces over and over again, we may ascribe the relief he experienced to a mental cause—to the gratification a miserly old curmudgeon derives from handling his treasures. When we are told that Cardinal Zinzendorf, to rid himself of the torment of his *podagra*, would, after a prescription of his mother, daily bathe his feet in pig's blood, we must recollect that great therapeutic virtues have been attributed to the vital fluid, and that the benefit resulting from the repulsive bath might be owing to the virtue proper to the blood *per se*, and not to its crimson hue. But what shall we say to the fact, that the Indians of New Granada were accustomed to put gold into the buckets when watering their horses, in order to quiet and conciliate them? It must here have been the colour which worked the desired effect, as the supposition that the horses appreciated the value of the metal is quite out of the question. Then, again, take the article of coral beads hung round the neck—our modern necklace—was thought a useful prophylactic against apoplexy, the plague, and other contagious disorders. The Romans considered that coral, worn by children, protected them against enchantments; and by men, contributed to strengthen their teeth. It had other merits unnecessary to be enumerated here, but the belief was general, that when its owner was ill, the coral forfeited its ruddy tinge, and assumed a pallid hue. Its virtue and power were inseparable from its ruby colour, and this it palpably lost whenever its owner succumbed to a sickness it was itself impotent to repel. Of this ruby hue was also a singular gem of eminent worth, and known to the mineralogists and lapidaries of the middle ages under the name of *corria* or *corvina*. The means of obtaining this precious rarity is detailed in a work entitled *The Mirror of Stones*, compiled by that erudite and industrious savant, Camillus Leonardus, who dedicated it to

Cesar Borgia, and is as follows: We are bid on the Kalends of April to boil the eggs taken out of a crow's nest till they become hard, and then, when cold, we are to restore them to the nest. 'When the crow knows this, she flies a long way to get this stone, and having found it, returns to the nest, and the eggs being touched with it, they become fresh and prolific. The stone must be immediately snatched out of the nest—its virtue is to increase riches, bestow honours, and foretell many future events.'

Did space permit, we should refer to the Apician reputation of the *Phenicopterus*, or Flamingo—literally 'Red Wing'—that glory of the Roman gastronomes, and which Pliny, seduced from his usual gravity of expression, by the recollection of the exquisite relish of the subject-matter of his remarks, emphatically denominates 'the deepest whirlpool of all our epicures,' and blessed in the possession of a tongue 'of the most exquisite flavour'—of so exquisite a flavour, indeed, that Martial regrets it should be commendable only as a dainty for the table, and that, when the bird was living, the tongue should never have discoursed sweet music. We might have dwelt also on that incomparable luxury of the ichthyophagist, the red mullet, so prized in Rome, that, according to Juvenal, one of 'the masters of the world' gave for a fine specimen of the kind no less a sum than 6000 sesterces, being at the rate of 1000 for each pound-weight of the fish—a greater sum, as the satirist observes, than the fisherman himself, of course a slave, would probably have fetched. It was of this dainty of the deep that Seneca remarked: 'A mullet, even if just caught, is thought little of unless you let it die in the hand of your guest. They are,' he continues, 'carried about enclosed in globes of glass, and their colour is watched when they die as it changes through the struggles of death into various shades and hues.'

M O R N I N G.

From rounded hills and dimpling vales
Night's shadowy shrouds unfold,
And the lonely star of morning pales,
And the mists are bathed in gold.
Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
Over the rippling corn,
And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
On the white brow of the morn.
The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
And their petaled eyes unclose
With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
That curtains their repose.
From nestling homes, all leaf-embowered,
The birds pour matin songs,
And fields and river-banks are showered
With new-born insect throngs.
All things are glad at the wakening breath
That heraldeth the day,
When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
Passeth upon its way:
The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
When under heavenly skies,
While the morn of another life is breaking,
We shall open these darkened eyes.

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

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